

TERRIFIC FIGHTING ON THE WESTERN FRONT

The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

FIELD-MARSHAL VISCOUNT FRENCH DECORATES TWO HEROES AND INSPECTS MOTOR MACHINE GUNS.



Gunner Rafferty is decorated.



The famous Field-Marshal inspecting the motor machine guns.



Gunner Rafferty and Sergeant Mackie after being decorated.

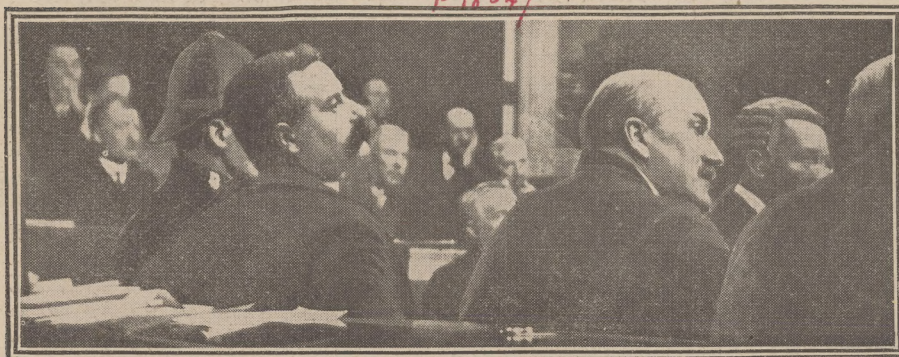


Sergeant Mackie receives his medal.

When Viscount French inspected the motor machine guns he decorated two of the heroes. They were Sergeant E. Mackie, who received the D.C.M., and Gunner J. Rafferty, who received both the D.C.M. and the Order of St. George for his bravery at

Hooze. During his visit to the Aldershot training centre the Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces inspected bodies of troops, and also visited the Headquarters Gymnasium to see the physical training classes undergoing instruction.

MUNITIONS FOR THE FLEET: CHARGE OF DETAINING A LIGHTER AT EDINBURGH.



Two of the defendants in court. On the left is Mr. Dunn, and nearest the camera is Mr. Whitelaw.

William Fulton Jackson, general manager of the North British Railway Company; William Whitelaw, chairman, and Patrick George Dunn, secretary of the Burntisland Harbour Board, were prosecuted under the Defence of the Realm Act at Edinburgh for



Admiral Lowry, who gave evidence.

having detained the steam lighter Briton, then on Admiralty charter and urgently required for taking munitions to the fleet. It was alleged that defendants refused to allow the lighter to leave the harbour unless certain dock dues were deposited.

MARRIAGE PLEAS AT THE TRIBUNALS.

Man Who Decided to Wed After Being Rejected.

NO EXEMPTIONS.

Appeals for exemption from service fell upon deaf ears at the War Tribunals yesterday. The tribunals required a deal of convincing before granting even short-period postponements.

The City of London Tribunal had a busy day. An ex-chairman of the Bank of England, Mr. A. C. Cohen presided.

One of the early claims came from Messrs. John Batt and Co. (London), Ltd., on behalf of one of their employees.

The statistics given by the firm showed that out of thirty men, twenty-six were of military age and four had attested, of whom three were married. Six of their employees were medically unfit.

Chief Chairman: You have sixteen men, presumably married men, who have not attested?—Yes.

"Then this is the only single man you can possibly give to the war?"

The appeal was disallowed.

"DON'T GET IN A TEMPER."

When Messrs. Butler Bros. appealed on behalf of E. C. Thomas it was stated that he had been with the firm for eighteen years and was

SAVE

and help others to save. One way of doing this is to order your "Daily Mirror" in advance from your newsagent. Then the proprietors will be able to gauge exactly how many copies are wanted, and so avoid wasting paper by printing too many.

indispensable. The military representative (Captain B. Hansford, (L.B.) was questioning the representative of the firm when the latter called out: "All right, don't get in a temper, my dear boy." Thomas was put back for two months.

Johnson Taylor and Company, Limited, appealed on behalf of A. J. Poore, who it was stated, was married on November 6, 1915. The home was purchased and the marriage was arranged to take place in October, 1915, but owing to illness and an operation it had to be postponed. The appellant was given one month's postponement.

"BUSINESS WILL SUFFER."

A. E. Laurence and Company claimed that C. E. Cohen, a partner, was indispensable, and a postponement of six weeks was granted, the claimant representing that if Cohen's business would suffer, but if we lose this war your business and everybody else's would go, too.

William Jacks and Company appealed on behalf of J. A. Chalmers, and it was stated that out of the original staff of twenty-two, fifteen were now serving and one was ill.

The chairman hoped that the firm would make arrangements to go away, but they recognised that the firm had done very well.

A postponement for three months was granted.

WAR OVER IN A MONTH?

The Mayor of Wandsworth, who presided at the tribunal in that borough, allowed himself a very optimistic remark. In granting a month's extension to a business man, the mayor said: "The war may be over by then."

An interesting case was put forward by an assistant librarian at the Clapham Library, who appealed to be placed in the married groups on the grounds that after being rejected he had decided to get married and settle down.

But the tribunal was adamant; Alderman Lorden observed that appellant got married too late and disallowed the claim.

BLIND IN ONE EYE.

Sidney Barnes Chapman, of Gassiot-road, Tooting, a temporary post-office sorter, claimed exemption on the ground that he was blind in one eye and had only half the sight of the other, that he had a widow mother who, as well as three children at school, was totally dependent upon him.

One of the military representatives said that he had a letter from the Post Office to the effect that the applicant could be excused from duty at once.

Chapman pointed out that as he was only a temporary hand his wages would not be made up by the postal authorities. The mayor asked: "Would they employ a man who is blind in one eye?" It would be a serious matter. Two months' extension was allowed.

CYCLIST GETS £1,000 FROM MOTORIST.

In the King's Bench Division yesterday a special jury sitting with the Lord Chief Justice awarded £1,000 damages to Mr. E. O'Driscoll, civil engineer, who was rendering gratuitous confidential assistance to the Admiralty, for personal injuries he received in a motor-car accident due to the negligent driving of the chauffeur employed by the Hon. General Sir George Hon. Henry Lloyd Mostyn, of Broygallon, near Llandudno.

It was stated that the plaintiff was riding a cycle in August last along the Conway-road, in North Wales, when he was overtaken by the defendant's car, travelling at twenty-two miles an hour.

He was knocked off his cycle and sustained severe injuries which will permanently affect his health.

£1,250 FOR BARMALD.

Jury Award Slander Damages Against Islington Publican and His Wife.

WOMAN'S OUTBURST IN A BAR.

The barmald's slander suit ended before Mr. Justice Lawrence and a common jury yesterday in a verdict in her favour, with £1,250 damages and costs.

The plaintiff, Miss Emily Delves, for whom Mr. Haldeston, K.C., appeared, was formerly barmald of the Railway Hotel, Purley. She sued her former employers, Mr. and Mrs. Hartnell, of the Peacock Hotel, Highgate.

She alleged that Mrs. Hartnell called at the Purley Hotel, and in the presence of other people in the bar said:—

"If you have any married women in the club, look up their husbands, or she will ruin them as she has mine. I kicked her out of the Peacock at Islington, and I will follow her up wherever she goes. I am having a divorce, and will have her in it."

Mrs. Hartnell denied using these words, and her husband pleaded that if there was any cause of action his liability depended upon that of his wife being established.

After judgment had been given Mr. Duncan, for Mr. Hartnell, applied for a stay of execution. It was desired, he said, to appeal, as it was not certain that a husband was responsible for a wife's wrongful act.

A stay of execution was refused.

SNOW COMES TO TOWN.

Bitter Wind Drives Thoughts of Spring from Minds of Londoners.

Blowing keenly from the north and east, a biting wind yesterday drove premature thoughts of spring from shivering Londoners.

It was a day of transient snow flurries and of a wind that blew through the warmest clothing.

It was a day that was agreeable only to the young and the active who could walk sharply or run. For old folk and invalids the day was one for sitting over the fire and avoiding draughts.

It was not that the temperature was particularly low; the mercury hovered about the lower forties all day. In the early hours of the morning in some districts the freezing point was reached, but the frost was not sufficient to do any material harm to early flowers or precocious shrubs.

Nevertheless, gardeners were anxious. A north-east wind in February is apt to be long and a series of cold nights would play havoc with the gardens just now.

The *Daily Mirror* found an optimistic gardener in one of the London parks. He said the weather was tolerable, and added, "Better frosts now than next month." It would not do the trees and plants much harm to be kept back for a week or two, he said, but at the end of March, when things are more advanced, a series of frosts would do irreparable harm.

CLUB LIBEL SUIT.

Mr. Justice Darling continued yesterday the hearing of the libel action in which Mr. George Aston, stockbroker, sued Mr. Lionel A. Martin, chairman of the committee of the Junior Athenian Club. The plaintiff complained of certain letters written by the defendant and his solicitor with reference to an allegation that he had acted improperly as a member of the club.

Mr. Henry de Cartaret, the secretary of the club, said that during the winter 1912-13 he received a report that Mr. Aston had been standing drinks and giving tips to the page boys at the club. He saw the boys and in consequence of their statements he sent for the plaintiff. Mr. Aston did not deny it and promised not to do such a thing again.

Dealing with the complaint received early last year Mr. de Cartaret said he told Mr. Aston that it had been reported that he had been drinking outside the pantry late at night. At first plaintiff denied it, but then said he had had a brandy and soda late one night on his way to his bedroom.

The jury returned a verdict for the defendant.

MUSIC INSTRUMENTS WANTED.

A war prisoner in Germany states in a letter that he and his fellow-captives are hoping to start a little band "to try and keep our hearts up."

As the funds of "music in wartime" cannot be spent for such a purpose an appeal is made for cornets, piccolos, clarionets and flutes. Gifts should be sent to "Music in Wartime," 13, Princes Gate, S.W.

ACCIDENT TO MR. GERARD.

While skiing near Munich the American Ambassador at Berlin, Mr. Gerard, fell, breaking his collarbone and injuring his left side.

The injuries are not serious, but are painful. Mr. Gerard has returned to Berlin and has gone into hospital.

GROOMS IN KHAKI.

How Shire Horse Show Revives Memories of Leisured England.

THEIR MAJESTIES' VISIT.

The Shire Horse Show is one of the annual London fixtures that even the war is powerless to affect.

The thirty-seventh annual show opened at the Agricultural Hall yesterday, and the number of horses exhibited chanced to be exactly the same as last year—527.

In some respects the show presented marked differences from those of previous years. For one thing, the attendance was considerably less than it generally is—most of the usual patrons being now either at the front or in training.

And then there was the groom in khaki. A somewhat incongruous figure, he seemed, and one out of touch with the rural life of England as, with an erect and soldierly mien, he brought his horse into the arena.

This afternoon the King and Queen are to visit the show and witness the judging for the championships.

Among the exhibitors this year are Lord Northbourne (the president of the Shire Horse Society), the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Westminster, the Duchess of Newcastle, Earl Leveson, Sir Walter Greenwell, the Earl of Powis and Sir Berkeley Sheffield.

DECEIVED YOUNG WIDOW.

Married Man To Pay £225 Damages for Breach of Promise.

A breach of promise action by a young and attractive widow against a married man came before Mr. Justice Scrutton yesterday.

Mrs. Edith Highway, who had been for some years in the employment of an addressograph and bookkeeper, was awarded £225 damages against Mr. Percy Ailes, who had been salesman in the employment of the same firm. He did not appear to contest the action.

Mr. Broxholme said defendant had posed to the plaintiff as a widower, whereas he was a married man. After the death of his husband defendant expressed great sympathy with her. This ripened into affection and they became engaged after wards, and in August, 1912, Defendant suggested that they should be married and under promise of marriage he induced her to go away with him for a week-end. After this he postponed the date of marriage from time to time.

The plaintiff, who is a widow, said she had received a letter from a lady calling herself Mrs. Ailes, and, as a result of inquiries, it was found that defendant was a married man.

"I am just recovering from a serious illness bordering on brain fever. I have lost everything—money, jewels, place. The only thing I have left is my wretched life. I have told you many lies, but there is one thing which is the truth. I write you this to show you I have paid the penalty. My happiness shall be yours. Good-bye."

The Judge: How old is defendant?—He is fifty-three.

How old are you?—Thirty-four.

ANTI-CONSCRIPTION PROSECUTION.

The Westminster magistrate will have before him on Saturday a prosecution, instituted under the Defence of the Realm Act by the Crown, in which a man is charged with publication and distribution of anti-military leaflets.

These leaflets were seized by the police on the occasion of the raid, a fortnight ago, at the offices of the Anti-Conscription League, Hogarth-buildings, Westminster.

The summons has been taken out against Mrs. Nellie Best as honorary secretary.

LUNCHEON TO MR. ANDREW FISHER.

Mr. Andrew Fisher, the new Australian High Commissioner, was entertained to lunch by the National Liberal Club yesterday.

The Marquis of Lincolnshire presided. Mr. Lewis Harcourt, in proposing Mr. Fisher's health, referred to the problems that will arise after the war.

SHOT A WAR PIGEON.

At Halstead Petty Sessions yesterday James Cutmore, sixteen years of age, was fined 10s. for wounding a carrier pigeon under the Defence of the Realm Act.

Captain Alfred Henry Osman, chief of the War Office Pigeon Service, said the bird was on service for the war when it was shot.

It was necessary to stop the practice, as the birds, in rendering a valuable service, and the owners were giving their services free to the country.

The chairman of the Bench announced that similar cases in the future would be very seriously dealt with.

WHEN MADAME GOES SHOPPING IN PARIS.

White Sales That Make Frenchwomen Forget the War.

OPTIMISTS IN SKIRTS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Feb. 22.—When the war cloud burst over Europe the big novelty stores in Paris had a very bad time.

The women were too sad and too much taken up with nursing and sending things to their husbands and brothers to think about themselves or their feminine requirements. Consequently many of the fashionable shops put up their shutters, and some of them are still closed. Now the annual white sales at the principal establishments, such as the Bon Marché, Louvre, Printemps and Galeries Lafayette show that Paris has recovered very largely from the depression which followed the outbreak of hostilities, and that things are becoming practically normal.

A visit to any of the large warehouses to-day does not seem to differ much from a shopping excursion in pre-war times.

Going down town after lunch one notices that most of the women in the "Metro" seem to be busy with fashion catalogues.

At Caumartin Station more than half the feminine passengers get out of the train, and one knows that there is a bargain sale at the Printemps or the Galeries.

BLouses FROM PARIS.

As to prices, they vary considerably, but, apparently, so long as certain lines are described in the catalogues as "wonderful bargains," they find ready purchasers.

In the ready-made department of one of the best-known houses I find that a smart tailor-made costume in grey, black or blue cloth, with fashionable velvet collar, is ticketed at 21s. 2d. Another, of cheviot, with serge or half-silk lined jacket, capote, and skirt, is offered at 21s. 2d. A velvet dress, in black or blue, with bolero corsage, from which depend silk tassels, and a high, fold-down linen collar. The price is 32s.

Englishwomen always want to buy blouses when they come to Paris, and it must be conceded that the French blouse is usually very attractive.

A washable shirt-waist of tennis flannel, dark grey or striped blue, can be had for 3s.; but if it is in velvet, with silk cuffs and collars, the price is 11s.

French corsets, which, as every woman knows, are without a rival, are not so dear as one might imagine. Excellent corsets may be had for 5s. 2d.

MORNING GOWN AT 23s. 2d.

One of the bargain lines is the Fleury corset, broché in silk, on black or coloured foundation, price 8s. But if madame wishes something really "chic," broché on white batiste, with real whalebone, she must be prepared to pay 23s. 2d.

Some of the prices of lingerie were:—Nain-sook set, with lace and hand-embroidery, threaded with ribbons, 10s. 10s. 10s. ditto, also in Danubok, but with fainter embroidery, 12s. 1d. A flannelette nightgown, with embroidered collar and wristbands, is priced at 6s. 2d.; minus embroidery, 4s. 9d.

A smart hand-embroidered morning gown in cotton fabric is ticketed at 25s. 2d.

"SWEETEST IN THE WORLD."

"You know, sweetest in the world, that heart, soul and body, I am always at your service" was an extract from a co-respondent's letter which was read in the Divorce Court yesterday.

C. E. W. Phillips, the co-respondent, a planter in British East Africa, was granted the dissolution of his marriage on the ground of misconduct by his wife and the co-respondent, Captain J. A. Baillie. Damages had been agreed at £100.

Mr. Cotes-Presdy said that in 1913 the wife wrote to her husband, saying how she had met "Captain Baillie, D.S.O.," on the ship. Later, when petitioner came home, he found a letter on the table from co-respondent, signed "My Bintium."—If you are feeling at all sad in your strange surroundings I want this to reach you then—to go straight from my heart to yours with the message that I worship you and always shall do so, and that in my heart you are, and always will be, enthroned as my wife, the one woman on earth whom I want to hold as my very own.

£5,000 FOR FREE TRADE.

Estate of the gross value of £272,243 15s. was left by the Right Hon. Arnold Morley, who died on January 17 last.

He left £5,000 for the purchase of a motor-lifeboat to be named the Elsie and £5,000 to the Free Trade Union, of which he was president, to promote the principles of free trade.

He made a number of charitable bequests, left sums to his servants varying from £1,500 to his valet, £1,000 to his chauffeur, and £500 to the house steward and each of his sons.

One-fifth of the residue he bequeathed to his brother, Lord Hollenden, two-fifths to his brother Charles, one-fifth to his sister, Mrs. Washington, and one-fifth to the children of his deceased sister, Rebekah Hope Taylor.

Read "Special" and "Perfectly Serious," by George Robey, the famous comedian, on page 5.

GERMANS STORM 870 YARDS OF TRENCHES IN BIG FIGHT IN WEST

Attack in Givenchy Wood After Violent Shelling.

FOE'S BIG LOSSES.

How French Gunners Shot Down Crown Prince's Zeppelin.

WATCHERS IN A TRAIN.

HEAVY FIGHTING IN THE WEST.

Two thrusts have been made by the Germans against the French line. The Germans claimed yesterday to have taken 870 yards of first line trenches to the east of Souchez, taking 326 prisoners. The French say that by counter-attacks the Germans were driven out of part of this position, and a later report added that snow had prevented any offensive activity in that quarter.

TAKING OF HAUMONT WOOD.

There was violent artillery fire on both banks of the Meuse, and between Brabant and Herbe Bois the Germans, at a heavy price, occupied the Haumont Wood, and the salient formed by the French line to the north of Beaumont. Haumont is about eight miles north of Verdun.

The Germans admit that the French shot down a Zeppelin near Revigny. Another Zeppelin is reported to have dropped bombs over Luneville.

ANONYMOUS HUN WARNINGS.

Once again anonymous warnings are being received in New York by Americans advising them not to embark in the French liner Espagne. Before the Lusitania sailed on her last voyage many passengers received similar warnings.

HEROIC ENDURANCE OF BRITISH AIRMAN.

Despite Severed Leg He Steers Course to Safety.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Feb. 22, 9.22 p.m.—Last night the enemy sprang a mine east of Givenchy. We suffered no casualties.

Poperinghe was shelled by the enemy during the night.

Early this morning we sprang a mine near the Hohenzollern Redoubt. Our troops occupied the near lip of the crater.

To-day our artillery bombarded enemy trenches in the vicinity of Miricourt, Cuvillers, and the Ypres-Comines Canal.

Hostile artillery shelled our positions southwest of Ypres, many lacrimatory shells being used.

Our trenches north of Ypres, between the Pilken road and the Ypres Canal, were also bombarded during the day.

One of our aeroplanes was struck by an anti-aircraft shell. The pilot's leg was practically severed. He managed, however, to land his machine safely in an aerodrome, and without injury to his observer.

WHAT THE GERMANS SAY.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Feb. 22.—German Main Headquarters reports this afternoon:—The weather, which after several hazy days cleared up yesterday, led to lively artillery activity at many points on the front between the canal of La Bassée and Arras, where, following up our effective artillery bombardment, we captured by storm 870 yards of French positions to the east of Souchez, and took seven officers and 319 men prisoners.

Also between the Somme and the Oise, on the Aisne front, and at several points in the Champagne the fighting activity increased to greater violence.

North-east of Tahure a French attempt to make a hand grenade attack failed. In the hills, on both banks of the Meuse above Verdun, artillery battle developed, which grew at certain points to considerable violence, and which continued throughout last night.

Numerous aerial engagements took place between the airmen who ascended on both sides, especially behind the British front.

A German airship fell a victim to the enemy fire near Revigny during the night.

Eastern and Balkan Theatres.—The situation remains generally unchanged.—Wireless Press.

THIRTY DEAD IN WRECK OF FLAMING ZEPPELIN.

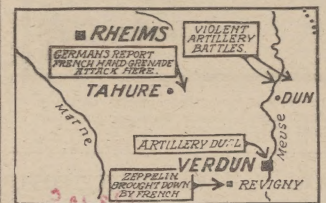
Train Passengers Watch the Doom of the LZ 77.

PARIS, Feb. 22.—A telegram from Bar-le-Duc gives details of the destruction of the Zeppelin at Revigny:—

At 8 p.m. the airship was reported flying with lights out. When it came within range of the guns fire was opened with incendiary shells, one of which struck the airship.

The flames spread from one end of the airship to the other. There was no explosion, and the Zeppelin slowly descended with the envelope still aflame.

When the airship touched the ground all the bombs which she was carrying blew up. A crowd rushed to the spot, and found only a tangled mass of wreckage, among which were



between twenty and thirty completely naked corpses.

The Zeppelin was the LZ 77, of the new naval type.

A second Zeppelin which was following the LZ 77 witnessed the destruction of the latter, and at once turned tail.—Reuter.

PARIS, Feb. 22.—The Zeppelin which was destroyed yesterday by French gunners, was attached to the army of the Crown Prince.—Central News.

PARIS, Feb. 22.—The destruction of the Zeppelin in the St. Menchould region last night was seen by the passengers of a train which had come from Nancy, and was standing in the railway station of Revigny.

A manufacturer carrying on business on the outskirts of Paris was one of those who watched this drama of the war.

"The Zeppelin," he says, "made its appearance suddenly in the bright beam of a searchlight. It looked like a gigantic fish."

MOMENT OF EMOTION.

"Its nose offered a good enough likeness to the tapered head of a pike."

"At short intervals there were violent detonations from the special batteries of motor guns, which were firing on the Zeppelin."

"The latter seemed to pause on its route, and then for a few instants came forward again in a southerly direction."

Then it put about, and from that moment sought to escape, but the searchlights and motor guns of Revigny pursued it without respite and the cannonade became more violent.

"Suddenly an immense burst of flame gushed upwards into the sky and from all of us who were watching broke the same cry: 'It's hit.'"

"In less than ten seconds the airship, aflame from end to end, turned on itself two or three times and then came whirling to the earth."

"There was a moment of emotion and then all the passengers in the train gave themselves up to perfectly justifiable demonstrations of joy."—Central News.

JAPAN'S FLEET ARRIVES!

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 22.—The German newspapers quote the Italian papers for the statement that the Japanese fleet safely arrived in the Mediterranean, having with them a great number of aircraft.—Exchange.



A farmer at West Barham, Norfolk, who now has a number of women workers in his employ, calling over the roll before beginning the day's work.

MYSTERY EXPLOSION IN BRITISH LINER.

Three Men Killed and After-Deck Blown Up—More Hun Warnings.

RIO DE JANEIRO, Feb. 21.—The Press publish the report that the steamer Tennyson, of the Lamport and Holt Line, going from the Rio de la Plata to New York, put in at the port of Maranhao with serious damage owing to an explosion which occurred in her bunkers on the 18th inst.

The explosion is stated to be due, according to some reports, to an infernal machine, and to others to a shell from a German ship.

Three men—an Englishman, a Dutchman and an American—lost their lives. It is supposed that they were members of the crew.

The Tennyson, after temporary repairs at Maranhao, will go into dock at Belém, Para.—Reuter.

A Lloyd's telegram says that the after-deck of the Tennyson was blown up. The cargo of hides and sundries is safe.

New York, Feb. 22.—The World states that Americans booking passage by the French liner Espagne have received anonymous letters warning them not to embark.

The letters call attention to the German memorandum regarding armed merchantmen.—Reuter.

The British steamer Dingle has been sunk, says a Lloyd's telegram. It is believed that there is only one survivor.

"UNTRUE AND FANTASTIC RUSSIAN TALE."

Turks Endeavour to Minimise Our Allies' Victory in Caucasus.

THE HAGUE, Feb. 22.—The German Legation publishes the following official communiqué from the Turkish Headquarters dated yesterday evening:—

For military reasons our Army has withdrawn, without suffering loss, from Erzerum to a position west of the city, after having destroyed a position fifteen kilometres east of the town and also fifty old guns which could not be transported.

"The fantastic Russian report of the capture at Erzerum of 1,000 guns and 80,000 prisoners are contrary to the truth."

"In fact, not one single encounter has taken place around Erzerum, except fighting at the above-mentioned position."

"As a matter of fact, Erzerum is not a fortress at all, but an open town."

"The old forts surrounding Erzerum had not the least military value."

"For these reasons the possession of the town is of no importance."—Reuter.

TSAR CONFIDENT OF FINAL CRUSHING VICTORY.

PETROGRAD, Feb. 22.—On February 20 the Emperor reviewed certain bodies of troops engaged on the western front, among them being a Siberian corps.

His Majesty expressed his confidence that every soldier was ready to help to achieve a crushing and final victory over a desperate and insidious enemy.

According to the latest information, the Turkish losses at Erzerum in killed, wounded and prisoners are estimated at 40,000.—Reuter.

FOE'S LOST TORPEDO-BOAT

COPENHAGEN, Feb. 22.—With reference to the loss of a German torpedo-boat in the North Sea on February 15, the Politiken states that the number of the boat was 44.—Exchange.

TWO GERMAN BLOWS AT FRENCH LINE.

Thrusts in Artois and to the North of Verdun.

SALIENT OCCUPIED.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 22.—The following official communiqué was issued here this evening:—

In Belgium the enemy trenches to the east of Boesinghe were bombarded.

In Artois a severe fall of snow prevented any offensive activity.

In Champagne we carried out destructive fire on the enemy works to the west of Navarin.

In the region north of Verdun, after a violent bombardment from both banks of the Meuse the Germans, in the course of the day, directed a series of extremely sharp infantry actions on our front between Brabant, on the Meuse and the Herbe Bois.

All the enemy attacks against Brabant and Herbe Bois were repulsed.

Between these two points, at the cost of heavy losses, the enemy succeeded in occupying the Haumont Wood and the salient formed by our line to the north of Beaumont.

North-west of Fromezey our curtain of fire prevented an attack which was in preparation from debouching.

There was somewhat great activity on the part of the artillery on both sides in the region of the Ban de Sapt and to the west of Altkirch.—Reuter.

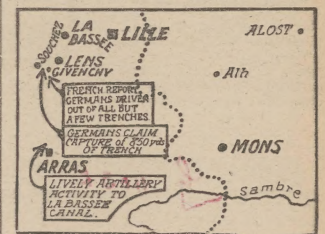
870 YARDS STORMED.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Feb. 22.—This afternoon's French official communiqué states:—

In Artois, following upon the violent bombardment reported yesterday, the enemy at the end of the day made a strong attack on our positions in the Givenchy Wood.

He was able to penetrate into our first-line trenches, which were completely wrecked, on a front of about 870 yards, and into several points of our supporting trench, of which, following



upon our counter-attack, he now only occupies some sections.

The enemy, whose strength may be estimated at seven battalions (about 7,000 men), sustained considerable losses, owing to our curtain fire and the fire of our infantry and machine guns.

South-east of Rechinourt the enemy blew up a mine, of which we have occupied the crater. There is continued artillery activity in the region of Verdun.

The Germans yesterday attacked at the end of the day our positions to the east of Brabant-sur-Meuse, between the Haumont Wood and Herbebois. They obtained a footing in some sections of advanced trenches, and pushed in places as far as the supporting trenches. Our counter-attacks drove them out from the latter. We took some fifty prisoners.

East of Seppois two German attacks were repulsed. There is considerable activity of the artillery on the front from Chapelle to the Ban de Sapt.

A Zeppelin flew over Luneville last evening and dropped some bombs, which only caused material damage of slight importance. When pursued by our aeroplanes it made off towards Metz.—Exchange.

KILLED MOTHER AND TWO CHILDREN.

PARIS, Feb. 22.—Le Journal du Progres de la Somme announces that on Sunday, between ten and eleven in the evening, two enemy aeroplanes dropped several bombs on Amiens. The material damage done was insignificant, but one woman and her two children were killed.—Reuter.

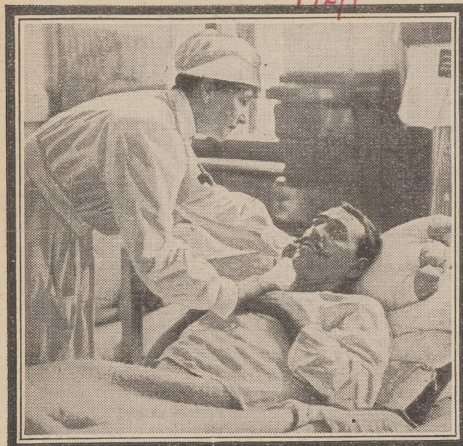
(AUSTRIAN OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 22.—The communiqué issued in Vienna to-day says:—

Theatre of War.—One of our air squadrons attacked some factories in Lombardy. Two aeroplanes reconnoitred over Milan, and another squadron attacked an Italian aeroplane station and the harbour of Desenzano, on the Lake of Garda.—Reuter.

"THE QUEEN OF POLAND."

P127F



The Archduchess Maria Theresa nursing in a hospital on the eastern front. Her husband, the Archduke Karl Stephen, has been chosen as the future "King of Poland."

AN AUSTRALIAN SOPRANO.

P18648



Miss Roma May, the young Australian soprano, singing to the soldiers at the Anzac buffet. She is giving a concert at Caxton Hall to-morrow.

**A
'LUVISCA'
BLOUSE.**

ASK
YOUR
DRAPER
to show
you this
and other
fashionable
styles for
present
wear.

**When the bright
days come**

and they are becoming more frequent, one begins to think of the Spring outfit, in which blouses play such an important part. As yet it is not safe to indulge in flimsy, gauzy materials, and the need is for a fabric which is fresh and dainty-looking and yet not too thin. There is such a fabric obtainable—the popular

"Luvisca"
(REGISTERED)

which is to be had in all the newest designs and colourings. Cotton and artificial silk go to the making of "LUVISCA," but to all appearances it is silk with a nice bright finish. The blending of artificial silk and cotton is excellent, for it makes the material warmer, more "dressy" looking than cottons, and more durable than silks. "LUVISCA" also launders well, does not crumple easily, and above all keeps its bright and "sheeny" appearance. "LUVISCA" is a material which offers unique advantages.

The Editor of Weldon's Journals refers to "LUVISCA" as
"The Material of the moment."

"LUVISCA" is obtainable from all leading Drapers in two widths—30-31 inches and 37-38 inches.

None genuine without the
"LUVISCA" stamp on the selvedge.

**"LUVISCA"
BLOUSES**

(ready for wear) are also obtainable in all the newest styles and designs.
ASK TO SEE THEM.
Above is an illustration of one of the many styles available for present wear.

Smartly cut and beautifully finished, a "LUVISCA" Blouse will always prove a welcome addition to your wardrobe. "LUVISCA" Blouses are very durable, and will stand repeated washing.

CAUTION: Look for the
"LUVISCA" Neck-tab:
"Luvisca"
BRITISH MANUFACTURE

In case of any difficulty in obtaining "LUVISCA," either by the yard or in garments, please write to the manufacturers, COURTAULDS, Ltd., 19, Aldermanbury, London, E.C. They will gladly send you name of nearest retailer with an illustrated Booklet, giving particulars of the many characteristics of genuine "LUVISCA."

**BEAUTY DOCTOR TELLS
SECRET.**

A Beauty Doctor Gives Simple Recipe to Darken Grey Hair and promote its Growth.

Miss Alice Whitney, a well-known beauty doctor, recently gave out the following statement: "Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home, at very little cost, that will darken grey hair, promote its growth and make it soft and glossy. To half a pint of water add 1oz. of bay rum, a small box of Orlex Compound and 1oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey-haired person look 20 years younger. It is also fine to promote the growth of the hair, relieve itching and scalp disease, and is excellent for dandruff and falling hair."—(Advt.)

AN M.P. RESIGNS.

P4564



Major the Hon. John C. Lyttelton, M.P., who has resigned his seat. He is the heir of Viscount Cobham, and represents Droitwich in the Unionist interest.—(Lafayette.)

THE PREMIER'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW.

P282V



Lady Cynthia Asquith, who will play an important part in connection with "A Vanity Fair," the fashion show which is being organised in aid of the Waterloo Free Buffet.—(Lafayette.)

WAR OFFICE POST

P210C



General Sir H. Mackinnon, who is relinquishing the Chester Command to become Director of Recruiting at the War Office. Lord Derby is Director-General of Recruiting.

WOMEN'S HONOUR ROLL.

P1103E



Canvassing for women land workers at Barsham. A roll of honour has been set up in the Norfolk villages, on which the women's names will be inscribed.

COMING TO TOWN

P6112F



Miss Estelle Winwood, who has been engaged by Mr. Charles Cochran. She will therefore sever her connection with the Liverpool Repertory Company.—(Hugh Cecil.)

PRACTICAL WORK.

P1093



Lady Harlech, who is helping to capture German trade by taking a course of lessons in the art of making fancy leather goods. Her husband is the colonel commanding the Welsh Guards.

TO ACT IN NEW PLAY.

P17921



Miss Irene Browne, who is to appear in "My Lady Frayle," a musical comedy which is to be produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre shortly.—(Bertram Park.)

Daily Mirror

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1916.

TOWARDS PERMANENT FRIENDSHIP.

A PARTY of distinguished Russian writers are visiting this country. They come favourably, at a moment when admiration for Russian achievement in the war is high and sincere in England.

A fashion, so to call it, in favour of things Russian had already taken hold of our younger men here before the war. One sees evidence of it to-day in the "Russification" of the novel, the dance, the opera; or even in the scheme of decoration in the once impregnable British home.

This is all as it should be, seeing that we are allied with Russia and that our great hope of permanent good to be derived from the war is that we should keep our friendships and learn about our friends.

In order to do this, however, let us admit that we need more effort than is involved in the fashionable lead of the intelligentsia on either side.

We need better education for our people. Again and again we repeat it, at the risk of wearying our readers—what is wanted is for the Allied peoples to understand one another.

An officer wrote in a letter home that he was "afraid our men get on better with the Germans than with the French."

That was a year ago; but even then the remark needed explanation.

Our men do not now and did not then "get on better with the Germans." They get on better with those who speak English, and, very largely, the Germans speak it. (The French do not. Hence our men do not get on badly with the French—they do not get on badly or well—they do not get on at all—they come to an amiable and friendly full stop.

Months have passed and all this time our common people, our brave men, with even a few phrases, could have been fraternising with our splendid Allies—could have learnt about them, learnt from them, learnt how to admire them. A sergeant we know, who, before the war, was a schoolmaster, has made a British regiment immensely popular in a French town through his knowledge of French and his tact as an interpreter. That sergeant has been able to explain away any little rudeness amongst his men. He has thus helped two nations to understand one another. It is of the first importance that British officers and non-commissioned officers should be able to perform this service. But better still had the men themselves known how to get into touch with the people of a country we must never forget to love, for the sake of precious blood poured out in common on that soil now as sacred to us as to them.

Yet there are people who say you can "pick up" French later on, and that, meanwhile, it is a better training to go on failing to learn Greek.

When, then, shall we learn all we lose by the folly of our so-called education?

W. M.

SNOWFALL (NEVICATA).

Slowly flutters the snow from ash-coloured heavens in silence;
Sound or tumult of life rises not up from the town;
Not of herdseller the cry, nor rumor rattle of wagons,
Not love's passionate song joyous in musical youth.
But, from the belfry swaying, hoarsely the hours thro' the evening
Moan like sighs from a world far from the light of our day.

Wandering snow birds beat at my tarnished window panes; friendly
Spirits returning are they, seeking and calling for me.

Soon, O beloved ones, soon—be calm, heart ever undaunted—
Soon to the silence I come, soon in the shades to repose.

—GEOFFREY CHAPMAN

(Translated by G. A. Greene).

"SPECIAL"—AND PERFECTLY SERIOUS.

JOKES ABOUT A JOB THAT IS NO JOKE.

By GEORGE ROBEY.

ALTHOUGH this may not seem a particularly serious article, I am a serious special constable. I want to make this point clear at once. It is not a joke. I do not try to be funny after I have donned my armband.

Since becoming a special constable in the V Division, upholding law and order for several dark hours at a time on a beat between Somewhere and Somewhere Else in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials, I have come to the conclusion that the man whom I should like best to arrest and frog-march is the one who invented that motto: "There's no fun like work." That well-meaning gentleman would

fight, an attempted suicide, and a number of street accidents—but they have all happened when I have been off duty!

I have, therefore, decided that the life of a special constable, considered from the point of view of excitement, interest, or, in fact, anything but mud, cold and rain, is a delusion and a snare!

FROM STATION TO STATION.

A great deal of my work has consisted in directing soldiers and sailors to various parts of London, and I would like to say here that I consider it a pity that better provision cannot be made for conveying our fighting men across London at night when they are returning from or going to the front. Many are strangers to London, and it is absurd that they have to tramp miles from one railway station to another. One night I was talking to a burly "Tommy" about separation allowances. He became impressive: "I do know this, sir," he said, "that so long as I get the separation,

WHEN THEY GROW UP.

WHAT WILL THE CHILDREN OF TO-DAY BE LIKE TO-MORROW?

REACTION.

BAD as is the upbringing of many children to-day, I think it is infinitely preferable to the over-severe education of a generation ago.

We grown-ups forget things. We tend to forget how greatly we suffered under a training of that stifling kind. The "religious" education was particularly mistaken. It thrust "religion"—of a mistaken kind—at the child and so made it hate the Bible and church-going for the rest of its days. The way to make children religious is not to force a narrow creed upon them.

On the whole it is no wonder that the religion of those days produced a reaction. An excess of do. And surely it is as easy to be excessive in severity as in indulgence. Cromer-road. M. K. Bournemouth.

DISCIPLINE.

IN my opinion the modern boy lacks discipline to an alarming extent. As a scoutmaster and a student of education, I think the great need of our time is for discipline.

Even in a scout troop it is hard to secure discipline. The boys themselves are, I think, willing enough to submit to it. It is the foolish parents who object. The slightest severity on a boy, the smallest punishment, and the parents write in at once and complain. The dear little fellow has never been treated so in his life before.

They will have that reward which "W. M." points out. Their children will only despise them in later life.

S. M. Culford Mansions, S.W.

THE TRAINING OF PRIESTS.

CERTAINLY priests have to be "properly trained for the sacred ministry"—but how?

By spending the first thirty years of their lives in some profession or business, and taking their training from the lessons which human life would teach them.

Let us help them so to understand the rich man, the poor man, the beggar and the thief. A. R. G. Harrogate.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 22.—Various summer flowering bulbs may be planted during the next three weeks. Galtonia candicans (the giant summer hyacinth) is most decorative, for it rises to a height of six, and its stems bear many pure white bell-shaped flowers.

The graceful montbretias are also invaluable, and are useful for cutting during August and September. Lilies (auratum, speciosum, tigrinum and longiflorum), gladioli, anemones, ranunculi and tigridias may be set during dry weather. E. F. T.



To take a small child and a small dog out is a task to overcome the boldest of fathers. Only severe measures are the slightest use.—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

change his mind if he had to carry out the strenuous programme of work that I am now often called upon to perform.

It is seldom before midnight that I have finished my last turn, washed off my make-up, changed and had some supper. I then have to be idle for two hours, for it is not until two o'clock that I can put on my armband, pocket my truncheon and become an alert limb of the law. To go to sleep for those two hours is impossible—I'd never wake in time.

Often it is extremely difficult to arrange the police duties with the stage work. Several times there have been intervals of nearly forty-eight hours between my brief hours of repose. One week I performed thirty-nine times (including charity performances) and also spoke at several recruiting meetings without absenting myself from my police duties. One day, too, I attended a charity matinee at Stratford-on-Avon, motored back to town, sang at four music-halls many miles apart in different London districts, and then, at two o'clock in the morning, started my four hours of duty.

Regarding thrilling experiences and death-defying adventures, there have been Zeppelin raids, three or four burglaries, several drunken

well, my missus can have the allowance, and welcome!"

Then there was the man who, during our brief chat, complained that the military authorities had misled him. "I wanted to join a cavalry regiment," he explained, "so I entered the West Riders—and how was I to know they weren't cavalry?"

Which reminds me of a story told me by a genial sergeant, who enlivened my lonely beat one night. He told me that the colonel of his regiment likes his officers to be thoroughly acquainted with the men and know their names and genealogies. One day on parade the colonel said to a lieutenant:—

"What is this man's name, and where does he come from?"

The lieutenant, knowing well the C.O.'s weakness, answered promptly:—

"Coombe, sir; and he's from Cornwall."

"Cornwall," repeated the C.O. "my native place. So, my man," turning to the soldier, "you are from Cornwall?"

"Faix, yes, yer honour, an' it's a foine place entirely, so it is!" came the reply. The C.O. later asked to see that bright lieutenant in private! It was a huge New Zealander who

told me the following yarn, assuring me that it was true.

Out in Egypt is a captain of Territorials, very short and plump, and called "Humpty" by his men—a fact he well knew! One night he returned to camp and the sentry allowed him to pass unchallenged. The captain, a stickler for discipline, was annoyed. "Why didn't you demand the password?" he thundered to the trembling sentry, a youth on his first night duty after arriving from home.

"P—p—please, sir," stammered the youngster, "I—I thought you was a c—camel!"

I do not mind the cold knock! One might be warm when I can get a cheery fighting man to beat me stories like that to relieve the monotony of "specialising."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A man of sense takes the time necessary for doing well the thing he is about; and his haste to dispatch a business only appears by the continuity of his application to it. He pursues it by cool steadiness and finishes it before he begins any other.—Chesterfield.

GERMAN SAILORS MAN THEIR "LAND BARBETTES."

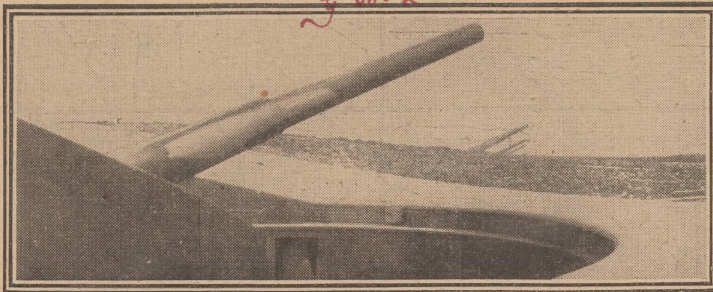


On the watch for British ships which have caused them so much trouble and annoyance, though their official reports say they never do any damage.

OFFER TO M.P.s



Sir Frederick Milner, who offers to take the place of any M.P. on active service without accepting any salary.—(Swaine.)



A near view of the German guns.

Because the German fleet does not come out it must not be inferred the Admiralty is giving the sailors long leave. They are manning the guns which have been erected along the Belgian coast to fire at our ships.

PRETTY RECRUITS FOR THE LAND ARMY.



Girl recruits for the land in full marching order. They are seen going gaily off to work on the farms where they have been engaged to replace the labourers who have joined the Army.

PRETTY BRIDE-TO-BE.



Lady Joan Stuart-Wortley, youngest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharcliffe, whose engagement to Mr. Audley Miles, nephew of Colonel Napier Miles, C.B., is announced.—(Rita Martin.)

ON WAR WORK.



M. Georges Scott.



Mme. Georges Scott.

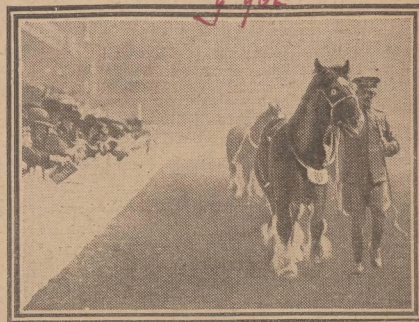
Mme. Scott, formerly Nellie Martyl, of the Opera Comique, Paris, is a nurse, while her husband is painting battle pictures.

A DICK TU



Dark blue velvet sports coat the same material. Note the style.—(Underwood)

PUTTEES NOT LEGGINGS.



The grooms were either in knaki or wearing armlets at the Shire Horse Show at the Agricultural Hall.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

HAT. WOMEN AND "DERBYITES" LEARN SHELL MAKING.



A lecture at the Shoreditch Technical Institute, showing the students making notes. The women wear overalls for the manual labour that follows.

TO WED SOON.



Mr. H. S. Gotterell.



Miss E. M. Buckle.

Miss Florence Marjorie Buckle is to be married shortly to Lieutenant Hugh Stapleton Cotterell, of Saskatchewan, Canada.—(Thomson.)



After the lecture comes the practical work.

Women, and men who are in the late Derby groups, are being taught to make shells. Several hundred have completed the training and obtained remunerative work. They are at the same time helping to beat the Hun.

WHO WAS HE?



Mr. Percy Alden, M.P., who says that a present member of the Cabinet asked him to organise opposition to conscription.

D.C.M. CONDUCTOR.



Lance-Sergeant H. J. Waller, who gained the D.C.M. at Loos for bomb throwing. He was severely wounded during this battle, and is now back at his old post as conductor on a London omnibus.

NOTTINGHAM'S V.C. WELCOMED HOME.



The High Sheriff of Nottingham calls for cheers for Private John Caffrey, V.C., from a window of the town hall. His mother is also seen. A civic reception was offered to the heroic soldier.

SE HAT. SE HELPS POLICEMEN.



ken, who assisted two constables while a men was looking on. The Kilburn police have made her a presentation.



That's why I enjoy my walks so!

Wearing 'Wood-Milne' Rubber Heels, the roughest, hardest road seems like rich soft carpet. I take long walks without fatigue, finding pleasure and health untold—so may you—if you'll wear 'Wood-Milne'. There are no other rubber heels so delightfully resilient, none that wear so well. Trial proves it!



Wood-Milne

RUBBER HEELS AND TIPS

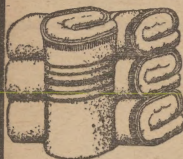
Made in many shapes and sizes—Black, Brown or Grey Rubber. Every genuine heel or tip stamped 'Wood-Milne.' Let your bootmaker fix them.

NO INCREASE IN PRICE

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ASTOUNDING OFFER OF
2,800 WHITE WITNEY BLANKETS.
SLIGHTLY IMPERFECT AND SOILED.

Qualities guaranteed to be thoroughly reliable—the very slight damages done in the finishing-off will not affect the wear.

Lot A—Single Bed Size, Worth 11/-, Sale Price, each **5/11**
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Post 4d.

BARGAIN No. D.M. 24
340 Pairs 'HEAVY WHITE TWILLED COTTON SHEETS' VERY DURABLE.

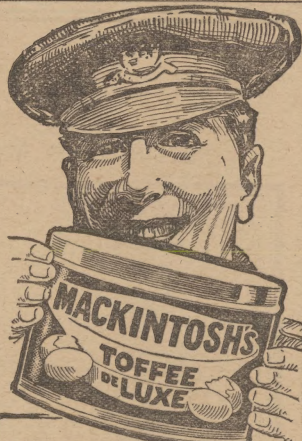
Size 2x3yds., for Single, 15/-, Post Free. Per Pair **5/8**



BARGAIN No. D.M. 26
2500 Odd Irish Linen Damask Dinner Serviettes, handsome designs, manufacturers' throw-outs, having very slight imperfections, received in the weaving.

Not detrimental to the wear, Remarkable Value.
Lot 1 ... Worth 2/11 ... Price 0 for 1/9
Lot 2 ... 3/11 ... 2/6
Lot 3 ... 5/9 ... 2/6

HOLBORN, LONDON, E.C.



KITCHENER'S MAN says:—

"Fed up with bully beef? Not me! I don't give it a chance. My emergency ration is Toffee de Luxe and there's an emergency every minute the tin lasts. They call our trench 'Toffee Town.' Hope the home folks will remember my next week's tin—for our trench is so very popular."

Sugar and cream and butter blended into one delicious whole
Try also Mackintosh's Mint de Luxe, Cafe de Luxe, and Chocolate de Luxe, all so very de Luxe."

W. HARRIS & CO. LTD.
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Complete with
APROR.
57/-
Wired on Tyres.
Curr. Paid. Crates Free.
No extras whatever.
ALL KINDS ON
EASY TERMS.
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All prepared under Ideal Hygienic Conditions and Guaranteed Absolutely Pure
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The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge

THE TORTURE OF GOUT & RHEUMATISM

URILLAC

Brings
Instant
Relief.

Better than
Aspirin.

Cheaper than
Aspirin.



To the hundreds of thousands of sufferers from Gout, Rheumatism and other Uric Acid Disorders—this glad message: Urillac unfailingly brings instant relief. Our message is especially directed to those who have vainly tried lithia, alkali, or "patent medicine" treatment.

Urillac is the momentous discovery of a leading West End Physician who, being still in actual practice, is unable to lend his name to the commercial side of its promulgation. It is the **one certain and safe solvent of Uric Acid concretions.** Certain in that it immediately dissolves uric acid deposits, enabling the kidneys with marvellous ease to separate the uric acid from the blood and to expel it by the ordinary channels of elimination. Safe, in that it is utterly devoid of all heart depressants and irritating or noxious ingredients.

URILLAC

Urillac is truly a wonder worker. Mixing with the body fluids it penetrates into every corner and crevice of the human frame and effectually and completely "washes out" the malignant blood poison—uric acid.
"Urillac" is supplied in handy portable tablet form by all Chemists and Drug Stores, including all Branches of Boots Cash Chemists, and Parkes Drug Stores, at 13 & 37, Piccadilly, London, W.

FREE SAMPLE

Send two penny stamps to receive, post free, a Sample.

Certain Cure for:—

**RHEUMATISM
GOUT
LUMBAGO
SCIATICA
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
NEURITIS
GRAVEL**

and all uric acid ailments and pains.

The 100 per cent FOOD

Nutrimint without waste

is what housewives buy in Brown & Polson's Patent Corn Flour.

Every atom of it is digestible; and it gives to sweets and savouries a delightful delicacy of flavour.

'Macaroni Cheese' and other Brown & Polson 'savoury' recipes replace meat without loss of nutritive value in the meal (cookery - book coupon in every packet).

Brown & Polson's "Patent" Corn Flour.

In 1lb., 4lb., & 10lb. packets. The 1lb. pkt. is the most economical.

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THE BODY BUILDER.

MAZDA
Drawn Wire
ELECTRIC LAMPS
The Sun's only Rival
BRITISH MADE

LOVE ME FOR EVER

By META
SIMMINS



Olive Chayne.

New Readers Begin Here. CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

OLIVE CHAYNE, a girl of unusual character and looks, but with plenty of character.

RICHARD HEATHCOTE, a straightforward, rather rugged type of man, whose affections are sound.

RUPERT HEATHCOTE, his good-looking cousin, who lacks balance.

OLIVE CHAYNE is day-dreaming by the fire. Far down in her heart an imprisoned memory stirs restlessly.

She had been so certain that Rupert Heathcote loved her.

Her memories carried her back to a garden. The Heathcotes had been giving a farewell dance to Richard Heathcote, Rupert's cousin, who was going out to West Africa.

Olive had never quite understood Dick. He is very different from Rupert, the man she loves. At times he has been very friendly with her—and he has been almost a stranger.

Olive closes her eyes with a sense of sick shame as the web of memories spins out. Some of them have betrayed her secret to Rupert that night in the garden. She had showed him all her heart then.

This man who had only been philandering. And then he had walked away and left her.

Then she remembered how Dick had come across the lawn—a changed Dick. It was as though he knew. He had been splendid, and her sore heart had been soothed.

But through it all she knew that there was only one man she loved—Rupert. And the end had come when a few weeks later he had gone out to join Dick.

As Olive Chayne sits there thinking a letter arrives. It comes from West Africa, and it is signed R. Heathcote. In a very frank, straightforward way it asks her to go out there and marry him.

Olive Chayne is changed. And so Rupert really loves her after all! Then the telephone rings. It is her father. He tells her that he will need all her help in a crisis in his life.

In a moment all Olive Chayne's hopes are dashed to the ground. She remembers that she promised that she would always look after her father. With a breaking heart, she writes a letter back to Rupert Heathcote saying that she must refuse.

The next day she hears her father's news. It is that he is going to get married again. With a shock Olive realises that she has made her sacrifice in vain. He decides to go to Africa.

Olive Chayne arrives in West Africa, and Rupert Heathcote meets her.

He begins to apologise for Dick's absence. He talks so much about Dick that the terrible truth is forced upon Olive that she has come out to marry the wrong man—she had misread the signature in the letter.

He manages to deceive both Rupert and Dick for the time being, but all her terrors are revived when Rupert receives the letter which she had originally sent to him. He refuses to give it to her.

Olive and Dick are married. One evening there is an angry argument, and Rupert blurts out the truth and shows Richard Olive's letter.

Dick is dumbfounded but controls himself. To add to the situation, a cable arrives saying that the property has been sold to a new owner. Dick wanders into the forest to think, and finds a woman traveller who has lost her way. She turns out to be the new owner, though her name is Anita Beresford.

Olive, through ill-health, returns to England alone, and in Africa Mrs. Beresford tells Dick that she is really the wife of his old chief. A man named Duprez whom Dick strikes for insulting "Mrs. Beresford" swears to have revenge.

Maddened with drink, which Rupert has dishonourably obtained for them, the natives rise and storm the bungalow. To wipe out the stain, Rupert dashes away for help. He is reported to be killed.

Dick, after being wounded, returns to England, and he and Olive find that they love each other. Duprez intervenes with blackmail, and to keep him from Dick Olive makes an appointment with him.

THE SECRET MEETING.

IF the long wakeful hours of the night had brought any doubt to Olive as to the wisdom of the course she had pursued in regard to the letter from Ferdinand Duprez, the morning utterly dispelled them.

It was one of Dick's bad days.

He had wakened after a night of broken rest, that had been punctuated by those evil dreams that gave him such sore distress. He had never mentioned the subject of the dreams to her, but she knew that he wakened from them shaking like a terrified horse, and that afterwards for the whole day his eyes were shadowed with them.

On such days there was but one thing she could do for him—leave him alone. Love sense, that is only glorified commonsense, told her that, and the doctor had endorsed her opinion. Sometimes Dick remained in his own room for the greater part of the day, sometimes he went for a walk far into the country, walk-

ing fiercely, as though he strove to outstrip some specter in memory that haunted his steps. But she had never seen him look so ghastly as he did that morning. His skin was dry and yellow, and there was a look in his eyes that would have stirred her to profound pity even if she had not loved him.

"I think I've a touch of fever coming on," he told her. "Don't worry yourself about me, dearest. I'll be all right by the time you get back from town."

There was no room for doubt in Olive's heart that she was acting for the best. She must deal with this man who threatened Dick's peace, deal with him as best she could. Little wordless prayers went up from her heart as she moved about the house and garden restlessly, waiting till it was time to make the start for town. She was immensely thankful that yesterday she had made arrangements for a morning's shopping, so that there was no necessity to invent any excuse for her absence.

It was one of those February mornings when winter masquerades as spring, with a high blue sky flecked with little fleecy clouds and a pale warm sunshine. A morning to make one glad to be alive—yesterday Olive's heart would have sung with the sheer joy of it—but this morning her heart wits as heavy as lead. The fear of the unknown pressed heavily on her.

She had dressed herself very plainly, her small, close hat had a thickly-covered veil about it, but no veil could dim the brightness of her eyes, or the soft, clear colour that excitement and the poise of the well-dressed head.

As she walked up dingy Wardour-street her eyes were turned to look after her. Frenchwomen in the doors of their shops glanced approvingly at her, appreciating the perfection of her charmingly shod little feet and the poise of the well-dressed head.

Wardour-street, with its heavily-laden drays, its jostling cosmopolitan crowd, terrified Olive. All at once the thing she was doing became mad and impossible.

To come to this unknown man's lodging—to put herself in his power... while not a soul knew of her destination! Surely no woman could ever do anything so insanely imprudent before.

If Dick's mother had been at home she might perhaps have confided in her, Olive thought desperately. But in her heart she knew that this shadow that trembled over Dick.

No. 100B dislocated itself as a shop devoted to the sale of strange and obsolete-looking musical instruments. With a despatch effort of courage she pushed open the door and went inside.

An extremely ancient man engaged in some obscure process of repairing at the back of the shop hobbled forward at the sound of the visitor's bell. Olive inquired of him for Mr. Duprez, and was compelled to repeat the name four times in an increasing crescendo before it penetrated to his time-muffled sense of hearing.

"Duprez?" he repeated in a shrill, old voice. "Oh, yes, yes, Duprez. The lodger. You wish to see M'sieu Duprez?"

"I have an appointment with Mr. Duprez," Olive repeated, desperately varying her oft-repeated sentence.

"He has but now arisen—does madam wish to ascend to his apartment?" the old man asked, looking at her doubtfully.

"Tell him that the visitor with whom he made an appointment for twelve o'clock to-day has come," Olive said. "You need not mention my name—or that I am a woman."

It was odd, but for the first time a gleam of intelligence came into the dull blue eyes. The ancient music-seller smiled, as though he anticipated something amusing.

"But, yes, I understand, madam," he responded with alacrity, and hobbled off, leaving Olive alone in the shop.

She could hear hurried sounds overhead, as though Mr. Duprez hastened with his toilet—or that of his apartment. Presently the proprietor of the shop returned.

"Madam can ascend," he said in a lowered tone. "I have set my parlour at the convenience of madam."

Olive thanked him with a smile that was like a gleam of sunshine let in suddenly into the dingy darkness of the shop. Her heart seemed to beat in her throat as she went upstairs.

A fine square oak staircase that had graced this house when Sobro had been the latest of fashion in far-off eighteenth century days, uncarpeted, with certain pitfalls in the shape of holes, a dim light, an all-pervading resinous smell—and at the top of the staircase a tall, slim figure.

Those were impressions of that ascent that were never to leave Olive's memory.

Then out of the darkness a voice spoke: "Ah, so it is you, madam—this is an altogether unexpected pleasure. I had thought many things that Mr. Heathcote might do—but never among them did I even touch on the idea that he might send his wife!"

There was something in the clear, flat voice so cruel, so sneering, that angry shame ran over Olive's nerves like a flame. It roused in her a feeling that was very far from being that intended by the man who spoke them—a feeling of defiant courage.

THE WAY TO CHEER UP A SOLDIER OR A SAILOR

in his hard life at the front or on the North Sea is to send him the funniest book of the year, "Daily Mirror Reflections in War Time." It contains over 100 of Mr. Haselden's funniest cartoons. One copy will keep a doctor much happier for days. The price is 6d. net from book-sellers or newsgaters, or 8d. by post from the Publisher, Daily Mirror Office, Bowdler-street, E.C.

Olive held her head very high as she walked into the room into which Duprez motioned her with a wave of the hand. She felt strangely mistress of herself, strangely unafraid.

THE KNAVE TO BEAT.

IT was very quiet in this long, low front room over the shop. The well hung windows shut out the noises of the congested traffic almost as successfully as they shut out the air.

Olive as she stood there in the patch of the sunlight by the window wondered if this man facing her could hear the loud, irregular beating of her heart as it sounded in her own ears.

"I do not believe a word of this story you have told me," she said, slowly and distinctly. Duprez had not beaten about the bush in any way. He had replied to her demand for an explanation of this letter which had been addressed to her husband by a brief and exceedingly dramatic account of the scene which had transpired in the big living room of the bungalow at Narkota, on the night when he, with Richard and Rupert Heathcote, had ridden that mad ride to save the white woman who was alone at the house at Keya.

Richard Heathcote, had he been present, could not have given the lie to any detail, for all that Duprez had reversed the parts played in that scene by Rupert and himself. His promise to the dead boy—that promise made in the face of his own flesh—held his lips sealed. Yet neither Olive nor Duprez himself even guessed at this.

Olive looked at the sallow, unsmiling face of the man who had just told her that story which proved her husband to be a most unmitigated scoundrel, and repeated her sentence—"I do not believe a word of this story you have told me. You are a blackmailer who has overshot his mark. It will be best for you to realise that from the very beginning."

And as she spoke, for the first time during the interview Duprez had smiled.

"Madam will alter her opinion on reflection," he assured her very politely.

How could she believe such a story? A story that went to prove that for months Richard Heathcote had been breaking the laws which have been so closely woven to keep back from the natives those "blessings" of civilisation—raw, fiery whisky and untamed brandy or rum.

That, owing to the madness of the drink-inflamed savages, the whole of the property at Narkota had been ravaged, that he himself had only narrowly escaped death... and, to crown all this tale of infamy, that Dick was a coward, the basest of cowards.

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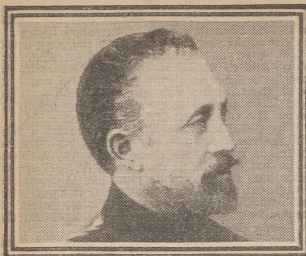


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See further announcement To-morrow



The Grand Duke.

Grand Duke's Next Post.

My news about things Russian is so reliable that I would commend this "tip" to your notice. Keep your eye on the Grand Duke, and do not be surprised to find him coming back to Europe in full command.

A Duke's Questions.

To-morrow the Duke of Somerset will make one of his rather infrequent appearances, for he is going to question Lord Kitchener about the operation of the Military Service Act. The Duke's voice isn't often heard at Westminster, but he keeps a very keen eye on political developments, and when he does speak it is generally to say something worth while.

Peers and the Blockade.

I found the sitting of the House of Lords much more interesting than that of the Commons last night, and, as a matter of fact, there were considerably more peers in the Painted Chamber than M.P.s in the Lower House. The business which brought "My Lords" in goodly numbers to Westminster was the debate on Lord Sydenham's resolution affirming the necessity of tightening up the blockade.

Lord Beresford's Debut.

One of the most interesting features of the sitting was Lord Beresford's first speech to the peers. The gallant old sailor, whose tight-fitting frockcoat served to emphasise the sturdiness of his figure, seemed quite at home in the Upper House. It was a breezy, business-like speech, but he seemed a little husky at the start. A tumbler of water, however, was available, and a sip or two from the glass, poured out for him by Lord Salisbury and passed to him by another noble, soon put him right. The new peer was very heartily cheered when he rose to speak, and cheered with equal heartiness at the close.

Political Optimists.

Do not believe people who tell you about party politicians being things of the past. They are very much alive and kicking. I know that Tariff Reformers are full of great plans, while probably Mr. Massingham, of the *Nation*, could—an he would—tell us something about his Liberal-Socialist schemes. Politicians are great optimists, and very hard to kill.

The King's Scuttle.

Since the war began the King has received from time to time strange presents from the front, both from known and unknown donors. The latest acquisition in this way has come straight from the battlefield in the shape of a huge German shell. This his Majesty has had made into a big coal scuttle.

Khaki Boxing.

If anyone had any doubts as to the popularity of boxing they must have been converted if they paid a visit to the Golders Green Hippodrome on Monday night.



Major L. E. Russell.

The Major.

One of the most interested spectators was Major L. E. Russell, who has brought more boxers into the Army than any other man alive. It was Major Russell who built up the 1st Surrey Rifles to its present splendid complement. And he is loved by all the boxers who serve under him.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

The Chaplain's Mission.

One of the most popular chaplains at the front, Captain the Rev. D. J. Hiley, returned to his West Norwood pastorate on Sunday for what is called a week's leave. He told his former congregation that he had sufficient errands from the men in his charge to occupy him a month if he tried to fulfil them all.

A Commandeered Husband.

But one mission he intended to set about at once. It is to interview a lady who has written piles of letters to one man assuring him that she is his devoted wife. As the writing is quite unfamiliar, and the man has never been in the town from which she writes, the recipient of these letters is naturally worried about it. "He fears her more than the Germans," says Captain Hiley.

Munster Matinee.

The Countess of Glasgow is as yet undecided as to the theatre she will finally select for the big matinee which she and her friends are arranging for the Munster Fusiliers' Prisoners' Fund. I am told there are to be "some" surprises at this entertainment, and with the Countess Roberts, Viscountess Valentia and the Countess of Kilmorey on the organising committee, success is assured.

At the Comedy.

Miss Millie Sim, I hear, is going to appear in Mr. Colman's new play, to be produced shortly at the Comedy Theatre. In the cast



Miss Millie Sim.

are also Yvonne Granville (in a French part), Miss Biddie Courtney and Miss Peggy Primrose, who made such a success in "More."

A Pair of Twins.

It was a simple matter for Miss Andrea Smallpiece, Lord St. David's niece, to select her bridal attendants when she married Captain-S. T. Lucey, of the North Lancs. Regiment, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, for her first cousins included twin boys and twin girls of identical age.

Elgar Music.

Sir Edward Elgar fairly boomed forth the "Bridal March" after the ceremony, and the Bishop of Southampton gave a few words of homely advice to the newly-married pair. At Lord St. David's house there was a regular family gathering afterwards, his numerous relatives turning up in full force, including Sir Owen and Lady Philipps, the Dowager Lady Wynford, with her daughters, and Lady Wynford.

"The Iron Hand."

Mr. Hall Caine's new little melodrama, "The Iron Hand," which I saw at the Coliseum, is full of thrill, and is thoroughly well acted. The popularity of the King of the Belgians, who is introduced as a character in the playlet (not very convincingly, I think) was proved by the storm of applause that greeted him. What a delightful actress Miss Mary Korkie is!

Fabulous Freight.

I was lunching with some shipping friends at the Baltic Exchange yesterday. As an example of the extraordinarily high freights now current a big shipowner confided to me that one of his steamers had recently paid for itself in a single voyage. Just imagine it: £60,000 in freight for one trip!

All Fabra Cellars.

The cellars of big West End houses are rapidly being transformed into vast store-houses. This is the result of the Zeppelins. Wealthy householders have removed the most valuable of their possessions downstairs.

Didn't Expect It.

I was talking to a soldier who has seen continuous service in France for nearly a year. "I have been in many bombardments," he said, "but nothing upset me like the Zeppelin raid into which I happened to bulge when I went to my home in the Midlands. 'You see, I wasn't expecting that sort of thing at home.'"

Camera Studies.

Queen Alexandra, whose interest in "L'Enfant Prodiges" is now well known, has honoured Mr. E. O. Hoppe by accepting a portfolio of his camera studies of the play.

Diamonds on Hose.

Isn't it too bad! The latest expensive oddity is hose with diamond and amethyst decorations! And I understand that antique lace is worn on some up-to-date stockings.

War Economy?

When I looked into the Drury Lane Theatre last night and saw the clouds of cigar smoke I wondered if the extension of smoking privileges to theatres can possibly be described as encouraging economy.

Collects 'Em.

My soldier friend who is billeted was not at all impressed when I told him that an auk's egg 200 years old had just been sold. "My landlady collects that kind of egg," he said.

Curing Optimism.

A French friend has sent me an interesting circular published by a semi-official committee with the express purpose of killing the "optimists." The circular is one of a series called "Letters to the French," written by General Mallette. They are specially intended for the troops, and we might very well copy the idea.

When it is Dangerous.

The circular is quite the fairest thing I have seen. After pointing out that the "optimism" of which we had so much last year is dangerous, the good and the bad points of the German Army are given.



Miss Ivy Shilling.

"Betty."

"Betty" continues to be obstinately successful at Daly's Theatre, and the popularity of this play seems to be conclusive proof that there is still a large public for musical comedy as distinct from revue. When I last looked into Daly's Theatre I was pleased to see that Miss Ivy Shilling had returned to the cast. She is a charming artist.

Call for Divorced.

The tribunals are holding that men who are divorced from their wives are liable for military service. Officially they come under the heading of "Widowers," which is not without its humorous side.

Not At Home.

The handyman of the British Navy can adapt himself to most things, but certainly the "Jack" I saw in the Strand the other day was not at home. It was raining hard, and he was endeavouring without much success to hold an umbrella for the protection of a fair companion who herself monopolised one arm.

The Glass Craze.

There is, I am informed on feminine authority, going to be a glass craze amongst women. It will be glass and glasses all the way. My informant told me that she had seen a bedroom in which not only the toilet-table was made of glass, but the wardrobe as well. There was also a glass writing-table. Hardly the place to throw stones.

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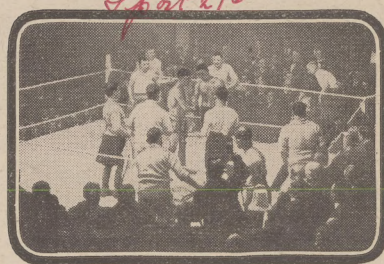
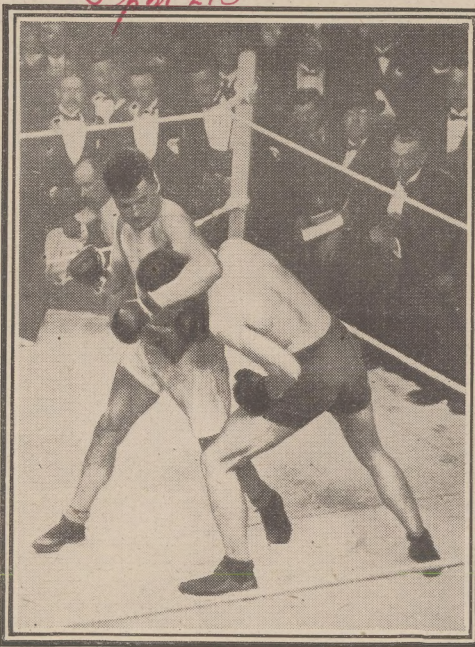
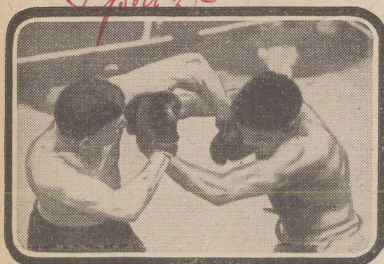
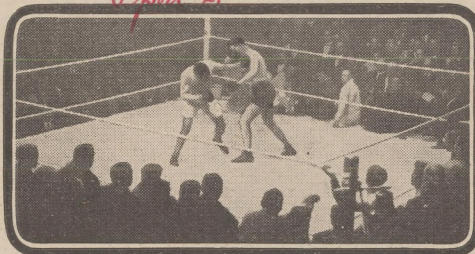
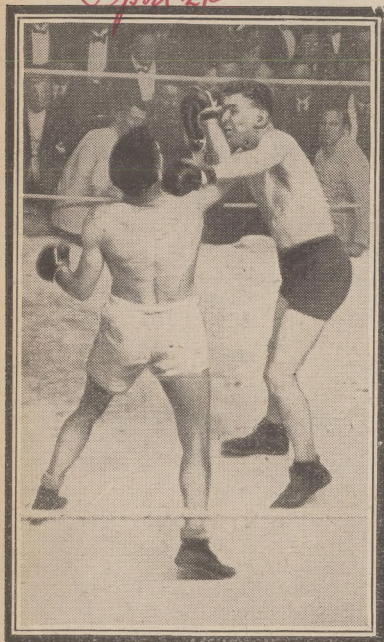
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O'KEEFE'S GREAT VICTORY IN THE KHAKI BOXING TOURNAMENT.



O'Keefe gets home a left hook.

Sullivan gets O'Keefe's "head in chancery."

Sullivan and O'Keefe shake hands.

Golders' Green Hippodrome was packed on Monday night for the great khaki boxing tournament organised by Sergeant Dick Burge. After "Billy" Wells had accounted for Dick Smith the two middle-weights, Pat O'Keefe and Jim Sullivan, entered the ring

and treated the spectators to a great display. The battle resulted in a victory for O'Keefe, whose fine generalship and splendid boxing enabled him to defeat a younger and stronger man.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

BOY SCOUT DROWNED.



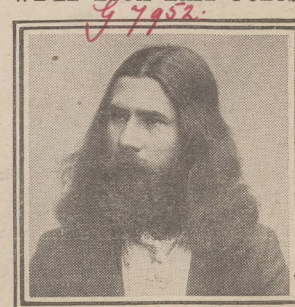
George Cudmore, the "mascot" of the Lord Mayor's Own troop of boy scouts, who has been drowned in the Thames close to his home. He was the son of Inspector Cudmore, of the Thames police.

RELIGIOUS HEADS DISCUSS DRINK TRAFFIC.



Principal Selbie (A), the well-known Congregationalist minister, Cardinal Bourne (B), the Primate (C), and General Booth (D), at the conference on the drink traffic which was held in London yesterday.

WE'LL LOOK LIKE POETS.



Barbers were not necessary, and we could let our hair grow, said the chairman of the Woking tribunal. This Boer made a vow not to cut his hair during the South African War, and this was the result.